

WEATHER FORECAST
Fair tonight and probably Friday; rising temperature Friday.

Greencastle Herald.

WE GET THE NEWS; YOU GET THE HERALD, AND IT GIVES ALL THE NEWS FOR JUST ONE CENT A DAY

VOL. 2. NO. 286.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

WILL VISIT DEATH TRAP

County Commissioners, State Railway Inspector and Chief Engineer of the Monon to inspect the Monon Bridge at Putnamville.

REPAIRS TO BE MADE AT LAST

Assistant Auditor Benton Curtis is in receipt of a letter from the State Railroad Commission stating that the Commission has set aside March 3d for a visit to the "death trap" bridge at Putnamville. The Commission will be represented by Chief Inspector A. Shane, who will go to Putnamville in company with the County Commissioners of Putnam county, and Chief Engineer

Wallace of the Monon.

This visit is the result of a complaint made to the State Commission some time since by the County Commissioners. The Commissioners instructed County Attorney Ames to advise the Commission that the bridge was not yet in good condition, the approaches being very dangerous for those using the highway. The Commission took the matter up with the Monon, and as a result there will be a visit to the bridge, each party to the dispute being represented. It is expected that the County Commissioners and the State Inspector will decide upon what should be done, and that arrangements will be made with the Monon to carry out these suggestions.

WOODRUM-KEISER

James Walter Woodrum and Miss Ellen Eda Keiser were united in marriage at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of Rev. W. H. Brown, the latter officiating.

The parties are among the most highly respected people of Greencastle and they enter upon the wedded life with the well wishes of a large circle of friends.

Mr. Woodrum is next to the oldest man in the civil service here and has charge of R. F. D. Route 3.

Mr. Woodrum and wife will begin house keeping on east Washington street, No. 713, and they will be at home to their friends after March the 15th.

Among the guests present at the wedding were Misses Mary L. and Florence A. Woodrum, Mr. Edwin Woodrum, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hazlett, Miss Mary and Walker Albaugh, Miss Margaret Sheptaug, and Miss Ina Brown of Lebanon.

DAN PITTMAN FINED \$35

Colored Man, Who Was Charged with Cruelty to Animals, Is before the Mayor and Pleads Guilty to the Charge—Costs Him \$25 Fine and Costs of \$10.

THE ANIMAL HAD TO BE KILLED

Dan Pittman, who, a few days ago was arrested for cruelty to animals, was before the Mayor this morning and fined a total of \$35. He pleaded guilty to the charge against him. His father, Spear Pittman, stayed the fine.

Pittman was arrested on the complaint of several neighbors who alleged that the colored man was cruel to his horse. They alleged that he did not feed nor water it regularly and did not care for it properly. The animal got into such a condition that it had to be killed. Then the charge was filed.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

James A. Moses to Mary Brown, land in Washington tp., \$66.

Thomas Rule to Elmer Truesdale, land, \$400.

Daniel D. Egger to J. E. Lewis and Belle E. Lewis, land in Floyd tp., \$250.

D. V. Moffett, Auditor, to Mary I. Taylor, land in Greencastle township, land tax title \$140.27.

Clara Eggers et al to J. I. Lewis and wife, land in Floyd township, \$900.

THE WOMAN'S LEAGUE

The February meeting of the Woman's League was one of the most successful and largely attended of the season. The session was held in the Chapel of the College Avenue church on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. H. L. Maxwell who was absent at the last meeting on account of illness was present and presided. Dr. Hoagland was requested to conduct the devotional services in the absence of Mrs. John who was on the program for that purpose. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. Curtis Hughes and approved. After some business matters were attended to the president presented Mrs. J. R. Weaver, who gave a most interesting study of the life of Phillips Brooks. Mrs. Weaver had evidently studied her subject carefully and caught the spirit of the great preacher and the secret of his power. Her points were emphasized by quotations from his writings and the estimates of other great men were given as to his worth and ability. The paper held the closest attention of the audience and the speaker was heartily applauded. Mrs. Gobin and others discussed the paper briefly. After the program the social half-hour was spent, during which refreshments were served by the committee, consisting of Mrs. Mary Florer, Mrs. Florence Dunbar, Mrs. R. Bittles and Mrs. Ferd Lucas. Many visitors were present and participated in the pleasures of the afternoon.

DEATH OF HENRY BAILEY

Henry Bailey died at the home of his son, Claud Bailey, two and one half miles south of the city, last night at ten o'clock of heart disease. His illness was of short duration, being sick about twenty minutes before death came. He returned to his son's home two weeks ago from a four months visit with his daughter, Mrs. Emma Miller, of Stilesville.

The deceased was born July 4, 1837, died Feb. 26, 1908. He was married to Caroline Browning, Mar. 17, 1858, and since that time they have lived near the city. They were the parents of six children, one having preceded his father two years ago. Those remaining to mourn his demise, beside the widow, are four children and one brother, namely: Mrs. Emma Miller, of Stilesville; Maggie and Bertha Coffman, of near Greencastle; Roscoe Bailey, of Brazil, and John Bailey, of Brazil.

The funeral services will be conducted tomorrow at 11 o'clock in the Christian church at Fillmore. Interment in Fillmore cemetery.

DAMAGES FOR THE PLAINTIFF

Suit of Mrs. Luella Larkin against the Vandavia Railroad Company Ends in Victory for Mrs. Larkin.

The suit of Mrs. Luella Larkin against the Vandavia Railroad Company for damages because of injuries received in a runaway accident, due, as was alleged, to the horse being frightened by a locomotive at the Bloomington street crossing of the company's tracks, ended this morning in a verdict for the plaintiff. The complaint alleged that Mrs. Larkin was crossing the tracks, having been invited so to do by the watchman who motioned her across. That when she was upon the tracks the engine, standing dangerously near the crossing, emitted a blast of steam, frightening the horse and causing a runaway, in which she was seriously injured.

The case went to jury slightly after five o'clock on Wednesday night but it was ten o'clock this morning before an agreement was reached. The jury found for the plaintiff and fixed the damages at \$200.

The plaintiff was represented by J. P. Hughes and the company by J. H. James and D. P. Williams.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

The members of the St. Paul's Baptist Church will meet at the church on the evening of Saturday, March 7, to elect three trustees for the ensuing terms.

JOHN BOLING.
ANTHONY BATTLE.

2w-76.

Sale bills of any kind printed on short notice at the Star and Democrat office.

GET A \$863,000 CONTRACT

Caldwell and Drake, Who Built the Court House Here, Will Build a Fine Structure in Youngstown, Ohio—Architect and Commissioners Here the Other Day.

THINK OURS IS A "DANDY"

Word has been received here that Caldwell and Drake, the contractors who built the Putnam County court house, have been awarded the contract for building a court house at Youngstown, Ohio. The cost of the building is to \$863,000. The contract was awarded yesterday.

Mr. Caldwell was here last week with the court house commissioners from Youngstown and the architect for the building. He brought the men here to show them our building. They all said that our court house was the finest they had ever seen for the money it cost.

Bringing the men here to see the Putnam county court house probably had a great influence with the commissioners, for there was one bid \$3,000 under their bid for the construction of the building. John H. James, who showed the Commissioners and Mr. Caldwell around while they were here received a telegram announcing that Caldwell and Drake had landed the big contract.

CIRCUIT COURT NOTES

This morning Judge Rawley heard the case of Chas. W. Bachelder vs. Arthur L. Evens, Trustee of Warren Township, in which Mr. Bachelder seeks to secure transportation for his children from his home to the schools of Putnamville. The complaint alleges that the wagon provided for the transportation of children of that neighborhood to Putnamville, passed within fifty-four rods of the Bachelder house. It is alleged that this is a hardship, and that they are not receiving the school facilities which are theirs by right of statute abolishing schools and furnishing transportation to other schools.

Mr. Bachelder is represented by Attorneys Peck and J. P. Hughes. Trustee Evens and the Township are represented by Moore Brothers.

THEY ARE NOT LAZY

They Had Simply Fallen in Love with Things That Do Not Count.

"Somebody said dirt is matter in the wrong place. The same definition applies to nine-tenths of those called lazy. They are people gone astray in a direction that does not answer to their temperament nor to their capacities. In reading the biography of great men, we are struck with the number of 'idlers' among them. They were lazy as long as they had not found the right path, and afterward laborious to excess.

"Very often the idler is but a man to whom it is repugnant to make the eighteenth part of a pin all his life, or the hundredth part of a watch, while he feels he has exuberant energy which he would like to spend elsewhere. Often, too, he is a rebel who cannot submit to being fixed all his life to a work-bench in order to procure a thousand pleasures for his employer, while knowing himself to be far less stupid of the two, and knowing his only fault to be that of having been born in a hovel instead of coming into the world in a castle.

"Lastly, a good many 'idlers' do not know the trade by which they are compelled to earn their living. Seeing the imperfect thing made by their own hands, striving vainly to do better, and perceiving that they never will succeed on account of the bad habits of work already acquired, they begin to hate their trade, and, not knowing any other, hate work in general. Thousands of workmen and artists who are failures suffer from this cause.

THE STARR COMPANY COMING

The Wilbur Fiske Starr Concert Co., which has had a season of phenomenal success, receiving an ovation in every city where they have been will close the season here March 6th in Meharry Hall. This is the third successive year that the Starr Concert Co. will have been in this College City.

The Company has been reorganized since the last visit and have two new people. The coming of Capt. Starr is at the solicitation of a host of citizens and students and he will without doubt be greeted by an audience which will tax the big hall to its utmost capacity. Additional announcements concerning this concert will be made.

LAST OF THE SEASON NOW

The last hard work before the Rose Poly game and by the way the last of the season took place yesterday afternoon and every man on the squad is happy. There is no practice at all today and Friday the men will spend the time making shots.

Rose Poly lost to Indiana Monday 33 to 19, but the state men were able to gain a lead in the last minutes of play. Poly will force the team to their best for even a good showing. There will probably be a fair bunch of rooters present at the game for the trip over the interurban makes it a pleasant one.

Butler had no trouble in winning from Miami Tuesday night and next the final game next week should be a good one.

China Sale

During the rest of February I will sell

All My China at 25 Per Cent Discount

Not the "left over" but beautiful up-to-date patterns. Come early while the stock is complete.

S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

\$25,000.00

To loan on first mortgage Real Estate, or we will sell you a farm or city property and furnish you a part of the money to pay for it on long time at a low rate of interest. We will act as Administrator, Receiver, Guarantor, Trustee, or Agent. We also own and offer for sale some choice non-taxable Putnam County Bonds, which we can recommend as an absolute safe investment. We are writing Fire Insurance in some of the largest and strongest companies in America and solicit your patronage. Come in and make your wants known and we will try to please you.

The Central Trust Company

The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant

Will Alsbaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

1871 CITY MUSIC STORE 1908

Pianos
Organs

We have no thousands to give away.



Sewing
Machines

No certificates, no schemes of any kind.

But "Good Goods at the Right Price."

Why spend your time writing on cards, when you can go to a reliable house and get Pianos worth the money. Prices \$152 and up on payments. Scarf and Stool included. "Warranty" good as gold.

"MAKE NO MISTAKE"

J.F. HILL

Greencastle, Ind.

Proprietor

The Wilbur Fiske Starr Concert Company
Meharry Hall **MARCH 6th**

You Can't Afford Not To Buy

We have 10 long loose cloaks worth up to \$12.00; take your choice for \$2.00, or
If you can't raise the money and are cold, come in—we will give you one free.

We have 10 young ladies' chinchilla Box Reefer Jackets

Worth \$6.00, \$9.00, and \$10.00. Just the coat for school or business wear.

We have 30 Black and Castor Cloaks—Long, loose models

Worth from \$8.00 to \$15.00—the most reliable and sensible style ever made.

We have 10 full length, form-fitting, Black Cloaks

Positively the latest style and best sellers of the season—worth \$16.50 to \$25.00

We have 5 Caracul Jackets

Worth from \$20.00 to \$25.00—the newest models this season—warm, handsome garments.

We have 2 Black Velvet Jackets—

Just right for early spring wear.

Take any of these cloaks and pay us 1-3 the regular price and you'll not regret your purchase.

A \$20.00 cloak costs you \$6.67—a saving of \$13.33 and the proportion of gain is the same on all.

The Prices in Our Domestic Dept.

They are much lower than they have been or will be later.

We've yet about 19 pairs of large cotton blankets at \$1.19 and 39 pairs at 98c pair—just the bedding you need to keep you warm these cold nights.

ALLEN BROTHERS

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent at any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Post-office.

And now, in all the confidence of big words, the Brazil Times speaks of Mr. Maxwell as a 'statesman.' Really this is too sudden. That he is a political schemer of force and cunning, a manager of the machine, a promiser of post office jobs, and in other ways a politician of average ability, we have always believed. That he is a statesman we have never heard and very much doubt. His actions, so far as observed, do not that way tend. Statescraft is scarce among the big ones at Washington, and among the little ones we have failed to notice any startling indications of it. Statesmanship must solve the financial problem, reform the tariff, give answer to the race question, restore freedom to congress. It is not statesmanship to promise post offices, to train with one crowd in Terre Haute and stand for another in Greencastle. No this is not statesmanship, it is only political cunning. The Times has erred in the use of the word.

And now it is Hartford City, Indiana, that come to the front with a law making it a finable offense for women's clubs to play cards for prizes. Several society dames have been arrested and excitement is on tiptoe. The new mayor is the cause of the trouble. The moral is look carefully at the man and his promises before he is elected. Simple statements may sometimes be far reaching.

Now that Mr. Gulley and his friends in Hendricks and Putnam have eaten and digested, with what relish they may, their section of crow, the machine will proceed in its usual way to dictate the policy of the party. When one stops to consider it is remarkable how large a piece of crow the Gulley crowd did eat. But then, some people like crow.

Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness, and general debility. Its actions on the blood, as a through purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alternative tonic is sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store. 50c.

SOUTH MARION.

Plenty of snow at this writing.
Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Arnold spent Wednesday afternoon at H. H. Hicks's.
Miss Gladys Buis spent Thursday night with Miss Delpha Meek's.
Mrs. Eva Masten, Mrs. Ora Sechman and Miss Anna Terry visited at H. H. Hicks's Friday afternoon.
Miss Mintie Sechman visited her brother, Jess Sechman, several days last week.
The debate at Mt. Meridian Friday afternoon was well attended.
Mrs. Ora Sechman spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. George Reece.
Miss Mabel and Miss Jennie Hicks spent Tuesday night with Miss Mayme Hurst.
Charles Moffitt made a business trip to Cloverdale, Tuesday.
Mr. Albert Sechman visited several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Cornie Buis.
Mr. Edgar Hicks and family spent Thursday night at H. H. Hicks's.
Miss Bertha Buis visited Miss Mabel McCoy of Mt. Meridian, Tuesday night.
Virgie Buis moved to Coatesville, Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Cornie Buis spent Saturday night and Sunday at Jess Sechman's.
Mr. Preston Buis, who has been visiting in Tennessee for several weeks returned home Saturday.
Albert Sechman spent Saturday night with Joe Sechman and wife near Coatesville.
Mr. Artie Parish and family visited Mrs. Rachel Parrish, of Mt. Meridian Sunday.

HALLUCINATIONS.

Some Singular Instances of This Form of Mental Disease.

In "The Riddle of Personality" the author, H. Addington Bruce, analyzing the hypnotic treatment of hallucinations or irrational fears that often end in madness or suicide, says:

Few people are aware of the extent and variety of this form of mental disease. There is, in truth, no predicting the strange obsessions that may invade the human mind, haunting it with vampire-like insistence. One man, terrified by he knows not what, may find himself unable to cross an open space; another be afraid to venture outdoors alone; another to sit in a room with closed doors; another may feel that every one he meets is eyeing and criticizing him; another asserts that he is made of glass and must exercise the greatest care to prevent himself being smashed to fragments. Such fears would be ludicrous were they not so tragic.

Particularly pathetic is a case that came to Professor Janet's notice some years ago. Mme. P., a dyspeptic, had been put on a diet of toast and water and, rebelling, was wont to indulge in secret in coffee and rolls. These she found did her little harm, and gradually the habit grew upon her until finally she passed her entire time wandering from one Parisian restaurant to another, drinking from twenty to thirty cups of coffee a day and consuming incredible quantities of rolls. At night if she chanced to wake and could find no coffee and rolls in the house she would pace her room in feverish anxiety until the restaurants opened in the morning.

Somewhat similar is another case reported by the same authority:

"There is a young woman, Que, twenty-six years of age. In coming to see us she brings with her a large bag, and her pockets are filled to overflowing. What is she bringing with her in coming to us for a consultation? It is simply provisions for the journey. She has in her bag and in her pockets several pieces of bread, a few slices of ham, some chocolate tablets and some sugar. One would say that she was going to cross a desert when it is simply a question of crossing a few streets. The provisions are indispensable to her, for, especially in the open air and in squares, it is absolutely necessary that she should take something to strengthen her. At the end of several steps she feels dizzy, becomes dizzy, chokes and is covered with cold sweats. The danger would be great if she did not know the remedy. All she needs is to strengthen herself. She eats a piece of ham, puts a piece of sugar in her mouth and is thus able to take a few more steps. But very soon it all begins again, and it is only with the aid of rolls and chocolates that she is able to cross a square. One can therefore understand her miserable plight when her provisions run short. She is obliged at all costs, with untold efforts, to cross the desert to reach an oasis—that is, a bakery. During this terrible journey she goes along as best she can. She may pick up a raw potato, capture an onion or a few green leaves. This hardly sustains her, but gives her enough strength to reach a bakery. In general she prefers to remain at home. That is less dangerous, and so she does nothing else but prepare and eat food all day long." For such unfortunate there is little hope unless they place themselves under the care of the skilled psychopathologist, the savant accustomed to explore the vagaries of the mind and able to touch the hidden springs of thought and feeling and action. Then and only then will the evil spirits of obsession be exorcised and the stricken mind find itself once more in harmony with its environment.

Not Always Well to Butt In.

"After the crash," imparted the first hospital surgeon to the second, "I ran over to where it lay on the pavement, and when I raised it up I saw at once that its ribs were smashed, while a gaping hole was torn in its"—

"Pardon me, doctor," broke in the medical student, who had caught these words as he was about to pass by into the consumptive ward, "but if you have no objections I'd like to take a few notes on that accident case." He pulled his notebook from his pocket. "Was the case a child?"

"No," the surgeon informed him; "I was speaking of my umbrella."—Judge.

Tommy's Blunder.

Mrs. De Smythe—Tommy, do you want some nice plum jam? Tommy—Yes, mother. Mrs. De Smythe—I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry. Tommy—You don't need the key, mother. I can reach down through the window and open the door from the inside. Mrs. De Smythe—That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait till your father comes home. —Catholic Mirror.

Black Coated Paupers.

We are becoming not only a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of clerks. Every young man wishes to be a clerk, every young woman a typewriter. The profession is frightfully overcrowded and frightfully underpaid. We have neither servants nor laborers, only an army of black coated paupers.—London Graphic.

Right In It.

Wilsell—Charley isn't a bad fellow socially, but he's a dead failure in money matters. Why, I actually believe he owes everybody in town! Wright—And you call that a dead failure? I should say that Charley is a Napoleon of finance.—Boston Transcript.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.

A HOLE IN THE ROCK

The Story of an Attempted Escape From Gibraltar.

BURROWING OUT OF PRISON.

The Wonderful Secret Work That Convict Realf Performed in the Teeth of Constant and Systematic Supervision by His Jailers.

Ambrose Realf was undergoing a life sentence on the towering rock of Gibraltar for scuttling his ship for the sake of the insurance money. The governor told the story of Realf's attempt to escape:

"That fellow led a roving life—a daredevil that obeyed every impulse, good or bad. And yet for three whole years I found him a model prisoner. At first he was employed as carpenter, and a while later we put him on the harbor works. But suddenly to this wild nature came an unquenchable thirst for freedom. At that time Realf was in charge of all the laborers' pick handles and wheelbarrows in the Rosia quarry, where he was installed in a little lean-to shed against a hollow in the mighty cliff. Every report put before me extolled the man's good behavior.

"Well, every afternoon at 4 the working party of convicts would form up and return to the prison—which, as you know, contains some of the toughest characters of both east and west—and an officer would go to Realf's shed to unlock him and bring him along with the rest."

"But this afternoon the door was opened in vain. Realf was not there. And yet twenty minutes previously he had been seen through the little window when visited by the chief warder. He had even answered to his name as he stood playing at his bench in a dark recess. He was gone, how or where no soul knew. Unquestionably the shed was locked on the outside, and the lock had not been tampered with. And there appeared no other exit except the door, nothing but solid rock. The little shanty was ransacked, emptied, but without result.

"Could the man, I wondered, have discovered some secret recess? You know the whole rock is fairly honey-combed with holes, both natural and artificial, like Gruyere cheese. Alarmed at the results such an escape would have on the morale of my dangerous gangs, I had torches brought and personally examined every nook and cranny of the cliff against which the shed was built. Then my best officers went over it all with hammer and crowbar. But no, nothing but solid rock. Now for the door. It was level and fairly smooth, just covered in places with a little loose sludge.

"Bring me a bucket of water," I cried with sudden inspiration. When it came, I threw it carefully out, and we all watched. 'More and more!' we fairly shouted with excitement as we saw it ebb almost as swiftly as we poured.

"More absorption was impossible. The rock was not porous. There must be a cave or tunnel below. The man must be growing hotter now. Relentlessly we traced the ebbing streams to a dark and distant corner, where I had to get down on all fours to crawl under a massive rock shelf. Here the last trickle disappeared.

"Like a flash our crowbars were at work, and, lo, a big block was pried up, revealing a dark gulf below. I approached it cautiously. 'Now, Realf!' I cried sternly, 'It's all up! We've got you!'

"There was no reply. My chief warder poked a pole down and found a depth of eight feet. He and two giant subordinates got out their revolvers, seized lanterns and swung themselves in—as ticklish a job as routing out a wounded tiger from his lair. We above waited long and breathlessly. Suddenly a faint shout traveled up to us, followed by sounds of a desperate struggle in the cavern. By and by they came, with Realf securely handcuffed. Lowering ropes, we hauled him up, battered, but smiling.

"He faced his disappointment with rare pluck, flashed a smile on me and said, 'Better luck next time, colonel.' "That was the end of four long and patient years of endeavor. I think he discovered the pit shortly after he was first put in the shed. And he had not only enlarged it with a scrap of iron and the patience of another Baron Trench, but he had also extended it laterally, no doubt hoping for ultimate escape to the sea by the subterranean passage.

"But even this in any event was only the first stage. Realf's provision went much farther. He had actually built himself a boat out of nondescript scraps of canvas, old sacks and odds and ends of timber. It was a marvel of constructive skill, yet surely none but a desperate man would think of committing himself to the Mediterranean or Atlantic in such a crazy skiff—a mere tiny coracle barely capable of keeping a man afloat. Of course he felt sure that once launched he would soon be picked up by some passing craft in the crowded strait of Gibraltar, and he had a story ready for his saviors as well as provisions for himself. Of these last he had abundance—chiefly biscuit and salt pork—laid by bit by bit from his rations and carried out daily from the prison in such small quantities as to elude the search made at every parade.

"But that the man was able to labor in his cave and build and provision his boat in the teeth of constant and systematic supervision seems to me little short of marvelous."—New York Tribune.

Right to the Point.
"The following letter," said a traveling man, "was received by a friend of mine who was drumming up trade in New England for a New York necktie house:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account 50 cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards; also we see \$2.25 for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the nighttime?"

"John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash; also John says you can leave Boston at 11:45 in the night and get to Concord at 4:35 in the morning. Do this and you won't need any bed. And, remember, what we want is orders."

Trading as a Fine Art.

A grocery store in Nelson, Lancashire, was managed by a collier's wife. One night the good woman was compelled to leave the shop for a short time in charge of her husband, giving him full instructions how to act and especially cautioning him that in the event of a customer presenting a jar or pot and asking for treacle, jam or pickles he "must be sure and weigh th' pot."

Full of confidence, the collier installed himself behind the counter. In a short time a lad ran into the shop and piped out:

"I want two pound o' pickles fur mi faythur, and here's th' pot."

The good man carefully weighed the pot and exclaimed:

"Nay, lad, th' pot weighs enough bowt pickles, but I'll gi' th' one or two anyway."—Liverpool Mercury.

The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Leister, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that the men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together and lie in that condition twenty-four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however, that they were released at the end of an hour.

His Apprenticeship.

"Yes," said Mr. Pater, with ill concealed pride, "my youngest boy makes some smart remarks at times. Only recently he asked me what it meant to be an apprentice. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"What did he say to that?" asked one of the audience.

"Why, after a few minutes the young rascal looked up at me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?'"—London Answers.

Herbert Spencer and the Puddles.
On one occasion was Herbert Spencer known to ride when going to a dinner, yet so carefully did he guard himself against the chance of soiling his dress shoes that he habitually carried a bundle of old newspapers under his arm. These were for the purpose of being dropped, one by one, into each mud puddle he might encounter on crossing the street. By the time he reached his destination the store of papers was exhausted. Muddy shoes on the return walk did not matter to him in the least.—London Caterer.

For Emergencies.

A banking reserve is for use, not merely for show. It is for use in times of emergency. Yet some bankers look upon their reserves very much as the superintendent of a hospital regarded its emergency bed. A patient all banged up in an accident was brought to the hospital one night and was told that there was no room for him. "Why not put him in the emergency bed?" it was suggested. "If we put him in the emergency bed," it was replied, "then we would have no emergency bed."—Wall Street Journal.

A Clever Scheme.

Mother (examining school report)—How did you come to have such good marks in arithmetic this week? Tommy—Well, you see, it was this way: We had ten examples a day, and I got the teacher to help me to do five, and Eric Jones got her to help him on the other five. Then we swapped helps. See?—Harper's.

Impartial.

"Mr. Scatterton prizes himself on being strictly impartial."
"Yes," answered the unamiable man. "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog or one of his friends."

The Dangerous Case.

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.

Man's wrinkled face is the original time table.—Dallas News.

A Reflection.

[Original.]

Happy day for me, this 17th of May, 16—, that I am to be a free man. Mayhap a dozen times the trees have shed their leaves since I came within these dingy walls, these rusting bars. I have been kept from despair only by the remembrance of the sweet young face of my beloved. True, the waves have rolled between us, but she has sent me messages writ with her own hand to tell me that her love can never be quenched and that she longs for the day when I shall return to my own country to make her happy.

It seemed that the clock of my life stopped on that day I was thrust in here, falsely charged with being a spy of the king of England, one month before what was to have been my wedding day. Since then there has been but one long day of many summers and many winters, one long day of horror. Barbara was seventeen and I twenty-eight. I wonder how she looks now. She was then in the bud; now she blooms, while I have come to middle life. Let me but have my freedom, and I will show that I can still wield a halberd or a pike and am worthy of a blooming woman.

Oh, the delight of roaming in the fields, in the woods, in the meadows, by the stream! I see the beautiful world with the sunshine upon it and listen to the lowing of cattle and the songs of birds. Every breath of air seems to have been sent me from heaven to invigorate me after breathing a prison's dampness. Oh, the agony of those long years!

There is a house yonder. I will go there and sit on the porch while my eyes feast on the glorious outward expanse. "Madam, will you permit me to occupy this bench? What? Come in and partake of refreshment? Hardly. Your hall is spacious, and there is an air of comfort in your rooms. I see no moisture on your walls, and your doors are soft to the tread.

"Who is that old man? There are furrows in his face, his cheeks are sunken and his eyes glitter. His hair is white, and his figure is curved like an archer's bow. Surely a hundred years have whitened the one and bent the other."

"Myself? I? That tottering old man! That my reflection?"

"It's false! A dozen years ago I was straight like the arrow, not bent like the bow, and my hair shone like the raven's wing. No, I will not eat. Let me go out into the world. I was a prisoner; now I am an outcast."

She stood looking at me in wonder, while I went—anywhere to get away from that picture. Alas, I know it was myself! Not a young man thinking of his wedding day, but old, with melancholy stamped on every feature. Where shall I go? To claim my bride? Never. Fasten myself upon a woman not yet out of her twenties, I in old bent, frost headed man? But what message shall I send her? Thank God, I wrote no letter telling her of my freedom and that I was coming, though late for the nuptials. I will go to her—she will not know it is I—and tell her that her lover died in prison of a broken heart.

"I have come, fair maiden, with a message from one who a dozen years ago was to have been your bridegroom. Do not start. Do not shudder. You still bloom. Had he been permitted to come to you now he would have been like an oak stricken by the lightning, its branches withered and bearing no green leaves. But during those dreary years he lived only in the remembrance of your fair face, in the hope that he would one day come to fulfill his promise—to claim you for his wife.

"No, no, no! I am not he. Unwind your arms. They are round and white; mine are withered. You are still in your youth; I am a stricken old man. I am the snow of winter, you the verdure of June. I came to bring you a message—a message that would turn your thoughts from your bereavement, that you might yet mate and be happy. I tell you, he, your lover, is dead—dead to you, dead to the world, dead to himself."

Years have passed since our belated wedding—a wedding against which I protested in vain—and every year has been a blessed contrast with the loneliness, the sufferings, the heartache of those I passed in prison. I seem to grow no older. While in prison my body was worn three years for every one. Now tender care seems to be taking from my age. It is like a stream which, meeting the invigorating tide waters of the ocean, flows back on itself.

And every now and again Barbara comes to me to show me a new gray hair that has come into her head or a new wrinkle about her eyes, and but yesterday I caught her practicing the walk of an elderly woman. Then my children are now of an age when I play with them the games I played as a boy, and this adds to the backing tide of age.

Those years of suffering are fading. They are becoming one uneventful day, one suffering, one dreadful dream, which under happy love grows fainter in the distance. Meanwhile my dear wife is growing up to my age, and in time we shall sleep side by side in the churchyard.

F. A. MITCHELL.

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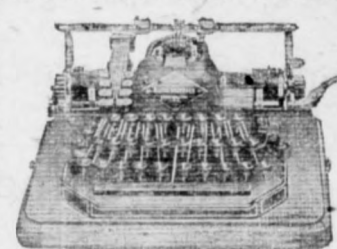
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CLINTON FALLS

The mask party at Wm. Lane's was a success.

Vivala said "South Madison was fast in the mud" but we thing they are snowed under.

Alva Phillips is critically ill at this writing.

Visitors in these parts were Mrs. Henton and children at Geo. Frank's; Frank Burk and family, of near Morton, at Lesta Franks; Joe Staggs and wife at Emily Boswell's. Marion Stites and wife have moved in the house of Joe Bament. Geo. Johnson and family moved into the house of James Thomas'. Geo. Burk and family moved into Lon Cook's house.

Minnie Cricks visited Sarah Neugent Friday night. Minnie Thomas, who has been staying at Greencastle, returned home Sunday.

John Ragland moved to the farm he purchased of Mr. Gown. Wm. Shonkwiler and wife visited Mrs. Ben Cricks one day last week.

Clara Bell is visiting her aunt, Lucy Shonkwiler. Subscribe for the Star & Democrat and get all the news.

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INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lv. G. C. for Ind. Lv. Ind. for G. C.

6:15 a. m. 6:00 a. m.

7:15 a. m. 7:00 a. m.

8:15 a. m. 8:00 a. m.

9:15 a. m. 9:00 a. m.

10:15 a. m. 10:00 a. m.

11:15 a. m. 11:00 a. m.

12:15 p. m. 12:00 p. m.

1:15 p. m. 1:00 p. m.

2:15 p. m. 2:00 p. m.

3:15 p. m. 3:00 p. m.

4:15 p. m. 4:00 p. m.

5:15 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

6:15 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

7:15 p. m. 7:00 p. m.

8:15 p. m. 8:00 p. m.

11:15 p. m. 11:30 p. m.

3:27 p. m. 4:45 a. m.

* Freight trains.

Lv. G. C. for T. H. Lv. T. H. for G. C.

5:41 a. m. 5:30 a. m.

6:41 a. m. 6:30 a. m.

7:41 a. m. 7:30 a. m.

8:41 a. m. 8:30 a. m.

9:41 a. m. 9:30 a. m.

10:41 a. m. 10:30 a. m.

11:41 a. m. 11:30 a. m.

12:41 p. m. 12:30 p. m.

1:41 p. m. 1:30 p. m.

2:41 p. m. 2:30 p. m.

3:41 p. m. 3:30 p. m.

4:41 p. m. 4:30 p. m.

5:41 p. m. 5:30 p. m.

6:41 p. m. 6:30 p. m.

7:41 p. m. 7:30 p. m.

8:41 p. m. 8:30 p. m.

10:41 p. m. 10:30 p. m.

* 8:00 a. m. 12:10 p. m.

* Freight trains.

To stop a train at night display a
light.

RUPERT BARTLEY.

**Beany Hendrix
Of the Big Y.**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

It was while he was riding down Little Bear trail that Beany Hendrix saw her. She was riding up the trail, and they met at the narrowest point, where the steep walls of the canyon shut out the sunlight, leaving a gloomy tunnel through which there was barely room for two riders to pass. Hendrix backed his cayuse against the rocky wall and tried to shrink his huge form into smaller compass.

She, Edith Van Tine, looked at him from the level of grave, gray eyes questioning. She bowed politely and then smiled. All women smiled when they met Hendrix's genial gaze. They smiled in approval of the warm kindness of his good looking face, at the strength of his great body and at the good heart shining through his honest brown eyes.

Miss Van Tine's smile faded, however, as she saw the narrow trail that became almost a footpath as it wound up the canyon, and her cheek paled. In spite of this formidable outlook she urged her horse forward, bravely determined not to reveal her cowardice to this big cow puncher, who sat, hat in hand, waiting for her to pass.

"You're not afraid, are you, ma'am?" he drawled as she hesitated.

"Not in the least, thank you," she replied crisply.

"I was about to say," he continued soberly, "that if you're a stranger in these parts this is a nasty bit of country for a lady to get about in alone."

"Thank you," she repeated, still more coldly, "but I was only resting my horse."

Hendrix looked curiously solemn; indeed, his features assumed a rigid expression. One who knew might have said that Hendrix was suppressing a smile. He threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle, thus permitting his cayuse to hug the wall more closely, and looked amiably upon the pretty stranger. Pretty girls were rare in the Bear creek district.

She flushed under his frank, admiring gaze and dug her spurred heel into her horse's flank with angry impetuosity. The animal bounded forward, striking fire with his scattered hoofs. There was a faint cry from the girl.

John Garrett and Charles Brackney were called Saturday to see their nephew, Alva Phillips, who is very low with consumption. Mr. Phillips died Monday night. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

Friends here were surprised to hear of the marriage of Perry Van Hook, of Danville, Ill., to Miss Kilpatrick, of New Richmond, Ind., which was announced by the Crawfordsville papers to occur Feb. 16. We extend congratulations.

Wm. Ferrand and wife and J. W. Farrand and wife visited their brother, Henry, last Monday.

Alva Pruitt and little son, Bertie, were quite sick last week but are now better.

Alva Wyson was home over Sunday.

The funeral and burial of Orion Hawks occurred at Brick Chapel, Sunday noon. Elder Oscar Lane conducted the service, assisted by Elder Burnan and Rev. Dick. Two wreaths of beautiful flowers were a tribute of love from his teacher and school mates. The family have the sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM.
Roxie Annice, infant daughter of Flora and Isaac Odell, was born October 27, 1708, and died February 19, 1908 at the tender age of 3 months and 22 days.

She was a bright and cheerful little child, and was the fond joy of the hearts of papa, mamma, little brothers and sister.

All was done to save her but of no avail for the Lord hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And now we say farewell to baby for we feel assured that she is at rest with the angels in that sweet bye and bye.

So rest dear baby rest,
God called thee home,
He thought it best.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Taken from us all so soon,
Was only put on earth to show
How fair a flower,
In Paradise would bloom.

Edith.

The Jumping Off Place.
"Consumption had me in its grasp; and, I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at The Owl Drug Store.

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trial bottle free.

puncher," said Hendrix, with a dogged look about his pleasant mouth.

"Your name sounds familiar," she said, with a return to her stiff manner. "I will be very grateful if you will show me the other way around."

"Certainly," he fell into line at her side, and they rode in silence for several miles. Presently Edith became conscious that the cow-puncher was observing her furtively, and her cheeks flushed. She turned indignantly toward him, but he was gazing fixedly away across the plain, although there was that tense line about his jaw which indicated some repressed feeling.

"I believe he is laughing at me," she thought angrily, and then, mindful of his gentle courtesy and of the fact that he was going out of his way to make her journey safe and pleasant, she turned a softened face toward him. "I am afraid I am making you a great deal of trouble," she said.

"Not at all," he returned. "I was out looking for some stray critters. If I don't round 'em up today I will tomorrow."

"That is what I like about this western country," she said wistfully. "There isn't the hurry and bustle of the east and the undying conviction that what isn't done today will never be done at all. Every day is so crowded with events that there is no time to really live." She spoke bitterly now, and her eyes were turned away toward the low line of serrated hills before them.

"I thought you were from the east," he said quietly. "Where are you staying?"

"At Anderson's. You like the west better than the east?" she asked timidly.

He removed his hat and looked about the level expanse of country that was visible from the slight rise they had gained, at the bending blue sky, the gray green of the sagebrush and the green slopes of feeding grounds dotted with cattle.

"Who wouldn't?" he replied briefly. She sighed softly. "I didn't know it was so beautiful—out here," she said, rather sadly, he thought. "They said I must come for my health, and here I am."

"I came—because—somebody in the east was tired of me—said she never wanted to see me again," drawled Hendrix, turning his eyes away from her downcast face.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed warmly. "Not that!" She blushed vividly.

"Something like that," he returned calmly.

There was silence for a time, she riding with drooping head and sad mouth and he watching her with tender pity in his eyes.

"There is your trail, ma'am," he said at last, drawing in his horse with sudden energy.

There was a startled look in her face as she raised her eyes to his and then glanced at the well defined trail that led to Anderson's.

"It's easy to follow and will take you straight as a die to Anderson's," he pulled his horse to one side and removed his hat.

"It is safe for me to go alone?" she faltered as she turned her horse into the trail and glanced appealingly at him.

Hendrix hesitated. She saw the red creep into the bronze of his cheek and a strange light invade his eyes. "Safe as time, ma'am," he said stubbornly, facing his horse about and preparing to leave her.

She rode a few paces away from him and then stopped. "Benford," she said tremulously over her shoulder, "I don't want to go alone—any longer. I want you to come with me!"

He was at her side instantly.

"Do you mean it, Edith?" he questioned eagerly. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes," she whispered softly. "I came after you, Benford. I wanted you. Will you come with me—now?"

"Let us go together—always," he said contentedly.

Gave Her Carte Blanche to Eat.
A woman who has been a victim of indigestion and is kept to a dyspeptic diet most of the time was invited to a dinner which she was anxious to attend.

"Now," he said kindly, "just you let me follow you up till you get out of this hole. As I said before, this is a nasty bit of country for a lady to get about in."

"And as I said before," she began tartly, with eyes fixed toward the mouth of the canyon, "I'm not afraid."

"We won't quarrel about that, ma'am," returned Hendrix calmly. "There isn't room for two to quarrel here."

Edith smiled faintly. Beany Hendrix, riding at her horse's flank, could see the dimple in her cheek and the curl of her lip, and a troubled look came into his eyes, and a deep wrinkle found place between his brows.

As they passed out of the canyon and into the open she turned toward him. The smile had fled from her face, and there was a cold, hard look in the gray eyes.

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I believe I shall get along famously now."

Hendrix removed his hat and passed a bronzed hand through his shock of sunburnt hair. "If you will excuse me, ma'am," he said, with his slow drawl, "I'd like to say that you better ride home by the long trail; it's easy riding, and it's safer than the canyon."

"But I don't know the long trail. I have never been about here before," she returned blankly.

"I should be pleased if you will let me take you to the other trail. Oh, I'm all right," he added hastily as she turned a doubtful glance in his direction. "I'm Beany Hendrix, from the Big Y outfit."

"Beany Hendrix?" she repeated, suppressing a smile.

"You never heard of me before, I dare say, ma'am. I'm only a cow

puncher," said Hendrix, with a dogged look about his pleasant mouth.

"Your name sounds familiar," she said, with a return to her stiff manner. "I will be very grateful if you will show me the other way around."

"Certainly," he fell into line at her side, and they rode in silence for several miles. Presently Edith became conscious that the cow-puncher was observing her furtively, and her cheeks flushed. She turned indignantly toward him, but he was gazing fixedly away across the plain, although there was that tense line about his jaw which indicated some repressed feeling.

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"Oh, no!" she exclaimed warmly. "Not that!" She blushed vividly.

When Actors Play to Actors.

"When he (Henry Irving) engaged me to play Ophelia in 1878 he asked me to go down to Birmingham to see the play, and that night I saw what I shall always consider the perfection of acting. It had been wonderful in 1874; in 1878 it was far more wonderful," wrote Ellen Terry in McClure's. "It has been said that when he had the 'advantage' of my Ophelia his Hamlet 'improved.' I don't think so. He was always quite independent of the people with whom he played. The Birmingham night he knew I was there. He played—I say it without vanity—for me. We players are not above that weakness, if it be a weakness. If ever anything inspires us to do our best it is the presence in the audience of some fellow artist who must, in the nature of things, know more completely than any one what we intend, what we do, what we feel. The response from such a member of the audience flies across the footlights to us like a flame. I felt it once when I played Ophelia before Eleanor Duse. I felt so she felt it once when she played Marguerite Gautier for me."

The Topsy-turvydom of Religion.

At the opening of King Edward VII's first parliament he had to repeat after the lord chancellor an oath which condemned in almost brutal words all things papistical. Yet held aloft by a Protestant peer for all Protestants to see was a veritable emblem of papal supremacy—a quaint little bonnet of crimson velvet turned up with ermine. This is the cap of maintenance, and so sacred is it that no hands but royalty may finger it. Thus the premier marquis, whose hereditary right it is to carry it, balanced it somewhat after the fashion of a conjurer upon a white staff. This cap was granted to Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. In the middle ages it was held as symbolic of the overlord, only being granted to vassals and feudatories whom the lord wished to honor, so that it implies as nothing else could the supremacy of the pope over the kings of England.—London Standard.

What Makes the Heart Beat?

Professor Jacques Loeb, the celebrated biologist, in his book, "Dynamics of Living Matter," has shown that a strip cut from the ventricle of the heart put in a solution of chloride of sodium will continue to beat for a number of days, until putrefaction sets in. He says this can be done with an ordinary muscle after it has been extirpated from the body. This would tend to prove that the heart is a chemical machine and that it is all due to chemical action. The muscular contraction is probably due to the substitution of sodium for calcium salts in the cells of the muscles.

The difficulty of this theory is that it does not explain the control of the muscles. It is plain that the problem of control is not solved by the chemical theory.

A Fair Chance.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gaily foot-tottered his way by Regent's park toward the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said when he could find his tongue, "but you'd better stand a far better chance if you'd a tail!"—London Answers.

Lewis Carroll's Humor.

An English magazine gives some amusing pieces of Lewis Carroll's humor from the forgotten pages of Oxford pamphlets. During the election at Oxford in 1865 he gave vent to the following Euclidean definition: "Plainness is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points." A note is also given on the right appreciation of examiners: "A takes in ten books and gets a third class; B takes in the examiners and gets a second. Find the value of the examiners in terms of books, also their value in terms when no examination is held."

Sollicitous.

An old lady unaccustomed to traveling innocently seated herself in a first class carriage, although she only had a third class ticket. The guard, thinking she had made a mistake, popped his head into the carriage and inquired, "Are you first class, ma'am?"

"No, sir, not altogether," she replied, "but much brighter than I was, thank you."—London Scraps.

Cause For Worry.

"Did you have a good time at your musical?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrore. "Every time the band played anything I enjoyed I got worried for fear it wasn't classical enough to be the money's worth."—Washington Star.

Willful to Help.

"I suppose old Cashman has more money than he knows what to do with?"

"Yes, but his wife and daughters are ready to supply the needed information."

A Martyr.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath tonight?"

"I'm afraid you have, my dear."

"But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—New York Life.

The Force of Habit.

A certain accountant is so devoted to his profession that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

**THE MYSTERY OF
THOMAS MERITHEW.**

(Original.)

In 18— Thomas Merithew, a wealthy gentleman of Buffalo, died. His life had been exemplary. He had expended large sums in charity and on his church. He had never been in business, nor had it been necessary for him to earn money, for he had inherited a fortune, which grew steadily while in his possession. Since he left no children, his wife inherited all his property. A few years after his death the wife died, and the estate passed into the possession of Merithew Ingersoll, his nephew.

During Thomas Merithew's life there were whisperings concerning him. It was said that he did not live happily with his wife and that he would frequently go away from her; that when he did so no one knew where he went; that at such times instead of being a model of probity he led a wild life. But there was a discrepancy in these reports, for if no one knew where he went how could it be known that he lived a wild life?

Ten years after his death his former friends and acquaintances were astonished to read in a newspaper that a young man living in New York city had put in a claim for the Merithew fortune. This person had been brought up under the name of Edward Coyle, but claimed the name of Edward Merithew, asserting that he was a legitimate son of Thomas Merithew, that his mother had been married to Merithew prior to the latter's marriage to his acknowledged wife and that as the sole surviving heir he was entitled to all of his father's property.

The case proved intensely interesting to both those who knew the Merithews and to the public generally. As soon as it was begun the rumors that had been circulated during Thomas Merithew's life took shape. Leonard Griffin, a Buffalonian, testified that he had had a speaking acquaintance with Merithew; that on one occasion while visiting New York he had met Merithew on Wall street, had bowed to him, and Merithew passed on without noticing him. Wondering if he could be mistaken in his man, he followed him and saw him go into an office. Merithew soon came out, and Griffin, going in, asked who the man was. He was told that he was William Coyle, ostensibly a bond broker, but really a speculative investor.

Another witness, Putnam Palmer, testified that in a restaurant in New York he had seen a man he supposed to be Merithew. Merithew was with a woman and a boy. Palmer looked at Merithew, who returned his gaze without recognition. Upon inquiry at the desk he was informed that the man often dined there with the woman and the boy, who were understood to be his wife and son.

Leonard Anderson testified that Merithew had told him that there was a man in New York who so closely resembled him that the two men were often mistaken for each other. Counsel for defendant before the trial came on had endeavored to find this double. He traced him up to a date not far from that of Merithew's death; then the double suddenly disappeared. He also searched for the wife and son, but could find no trace of them. The attorney made a strong point of the fact that they had made no claim to Merithew's fortune at the time of his decease.

Witnesses were produced who knew Thomas Coyle of New York, and they one and all testified that he was not a man of good character by any means. He was known to have been interested in the organization of spurious corporations, from which he invariably reaped with the money of the credulous investors.

There would have been no case at all for the claimant had it not been for Thomas Merithew's frequent disappearances. Counsel for the defense made every effort to fix the place or places to which he went during one or more of his absences from home, but failed. The moment he left Buffalo he seemed to have passed out of existence. Ingersoll, the defendant, ransacked his aunt's letters, hunting for one from her husband written during one of these periods, but found none to prove that he was not in New York.

When the trial was concluded and the jury returned to the room to announce a verdict it was found that there was no agreement. Six jurors were for the plaintiff and six for the defendant. Of course there was a new trial. New evidence adduced at this trial was mention by Mrs. Thomas Merithew in a letter to her husband of a former marriage of her husband, but when Merithew had come to Buffalo many

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Elijah Grantham has returned to the city.

Mrs. J. H. James spent the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Myrtle Blue is visiting her sister in Cloverdale.

John Paris and Orville Fultz were in Bainbridge today.

F. G. Albin went to his farm near Bainbridge this morning.

Alex. Lane made a business trip to Bainbridge this morning.

J. W. Hennon, of Roachdale, was in the city today on business.

John Urton, of Reelsville, transacted business in the city today.

Mrs. Margaret Mahoney, of Putnamville, was in the city this morning.

C. D. Mitchell was in Indianapolis on business for the Big Four railroad.

T. H. Cline, of north Indiana street, has recovered from his recent illness.

Mrs. Harry Smith was an interurban passenger to Indianapolis this morning.

Miss Martha Gillespie is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. W. McNary, east of the city.

Marshall Reeves attended the Stevenson Stock sale, one mile east of Bainbridge, today.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowman, on east Anderson street, still continues ill.

Oren Hall, of near New Maysville, was in the city today returning home from a visit with relatives in Brazil.

Miss Hunt, who has been the guest of Miss Anni Gregg, has returned to her home in Kokomo. Miss Gregg accompanied her to Indianapolis.

Just in
4000 Rolls New
Wall Paper

The newest, the nicest, and the most up-to-date things of the 1908 Wall Papers.

Many pretty colorings and designs in inexpensive papers. Prices 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10c and up.

The paper hangers are not over run with work, and this is an excellent time to have your work done.

Come in and see our handsome papers.

Jones' Drug Store

OPERA HOUSE February 27.

LYNNFORD STOCK CO.

PRESENTS

The Western Melo-Drama

"Nugget Nell"

With Up-To-Date Specialties Between The Acts

Cast Much Stronger Than Ever.

Admission 30c,

Gallery 20c,

Children 10c,

Seats on Sale at Badger & Green's Drug Store.

New Motion Pictures
And Dissolving Views

With Song at OPERA HOUSE, TO-NIGHT. Change of program each evening. Good Music.

Admission 10 Cents. Children 5 Cents.

Bruce Shannon was in Brazil today.

Mrs. Cosner, of Amo, is spending the day here.

William Hurt, of Amo, is here today on business.

Miss Jennie Thorp is recovering after a slight illness.

Mrs. J. D. Stuart left today for a visit in Knightsville.

Miss L. Pigman, of Brazil, visited Theta sisters yesterday.

J. L. Wiltshire has gone to Charleston, West Virginia.

Mr. John Allen transacted business in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Kate Hadley, of Amo, is here today for optical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reeves have returned to their home in Indianapolis.

Miss Lenni Burner, of Brazil, spent yesterday evening with home folks.

Mrs. Wilkinson and daughter, Josephine, are spending the day in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Oral Pierce and baby, of Indianapolis, are visiting James Pierce and family.

Miss Kathryn Crawford, of Crawfordsville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Forcum.

Miss Mable Mannon has returned to her home in Quincy, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Rear.

Richard Hazlett, who is employed in Lynch's store will take a month's vacation, beginning Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard White, of Indianapolis, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Weirke, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Dronberger, of St. Louis, will arrive this afternoon for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meltzer.

The Elks spent a very pleasant time last evening at the dance given in their hall. Refreshments of coffee and sandwiches were served.

Mrs. H. Denny of Cloverdale was in the city yesterday en route returning from Indianapolis, where she attended the millinery opening.

The funeral services of Mrs. Moss, who died yesterday at 2:10 o'clock, will be conducted tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence.

Rev. Ryan, of Indianapolis, will have charge of the religious services.

Interment in Forest Hill cemetery.

C. A. Cahill, who last week was operated upon for appendicitis, and who was improving rapidly, suffered a relapse yesterday, and his condition is now serious again.

Mr. Cahill is a brother-in-law of Lawrence Athey. He is now at the home of S. C. McAlroy.

The marriage of Miss Ella Leachman and Mr. Vess York, of Clayton will be solemnized at the home of the bride's mother, four miles east of town, this evening at 8:30 o'clock.

The Rev. W. H. Brown will perform the ceremony. Many from Greencastle will attend the wedding.

The 7:15 car east on the Traction Line was annulled today and left in Terre Haute for repair work.

The rest of the cars, however, were run on their regular time and without change on account of the stoppage of the 7:15 car. The car will make its regular run when sufficient repairs are made.

FOUR CORNERS.

John Toney lost with a painful accident by falling and fracturing his arm.

Fred Thomas and wife, of Greencastle, spent Saturday night and Sunday with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ewing went to Robinson, Ills., where the latter was operated on for tumor.

Harley Taber and wife are both on the sick list.

Albert Cahill is still improving. John Aker and Ida Brattin, hied away to Rockville and were married last Thursday.

Ola Ellis spent Tuesday night with C. B. Thomas.

Cecil Vinzant of Terre Haute is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Dec Thomas butchered hogs last Monday.

Mrs. James Thomas went to Terre Haute to help take care of her son-in-law, Cecil Vinzant who is sick.

Mrs. George Hall is poorly at this writing.

James Phillips received the sad news of the death of his nephew, Alva Phillips, of Union Chapel.

Ola Ellis and wife, visited his father, Ransom Ellis, Saturday night.

Mrs. Roy Clark is in very poor health at present.

Keeping Open House

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly.

Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

CLAIRVOYANT

Prof. Robey, the palmist and clairvoyant. Startling revelations superior to all others. He will tell you exactly what you want to know, giving reliable advice etc. Would you know all about your business affairs, love, courtship, marriage, etc. Readings, 25 cents. Hours, 10 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. Located

209 NORTH INDIANA STREET.

UNIVERSITY NEWS

The men's gymnasium classes were resumed yesterday.

Miss Mary Jewett left yesterday for her home in Mooresville.

Base ball practice was held in the gymnasium today at one o'clock.

The French Club will meet this evening at the Alpha Phi house.

Robert Logan who has been ill with the grip, is able to be about again.

C. L. Gerard attended the Republican convention at Brazil yesterday.

Miss Blanche McDaniel of Shelbyville, is visiting Miss Grace Rhodes at the dorm.

Miss Helen Pearson, who has been visiting with Alpha Chi sisters, returned to her home in Muncie.

Miss Mary Ousler left today for her home in Plainfield after a few days' visit with Miss Constance Wilkenson.

Fred Tucker leaves tomorrow for the division convention of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity at Morgantown, Virginia.

The annual state banquet of the Sigma Chi Fraternity will take place at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Friday night.

Miss Winifred Conner who has been visiting at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house left yesterday for her home in New Albany.

Miss Vera Conk will leave in the near future for Anthony, Kansas, where she will make her home with her parents. Miss Conk expects to return next year in order to continue her studies.

At the meeting of the Press Club last night it was found that about seventeen would attend the annual meeting of the Indiana Inter-Collegiate Press Association from this local club. The meeting takes place in Indianapolis, March 23.

Professor Kleinsmid gave a ten-minute talk in chapel yesterday on "Some Students I have Known." He classified his acquaintances as of four kinds, the student who studies, the student who does not study, the student who takes both sides of college life, and he who has part in everything.

OBITUARY.

Margaret Ann Heaney, daughter of Patric and Catharine Heaney, was born in Franklin township, March 5, 1841, the first of ten children born to them.

Her mother departed this life June 1864 leaving her the small children to look after and be a mother as well as elder sister to them which place she filled with honor to her self and benefit to her children.

She was married to Martin Kelley, Sept. 26, 1865 and to this union was born two children, Albert E. Kelley, of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Kate Balch, of Bainbridge.

at whose home she made her home. She had been afflicted for years but bore her suffering without a murmur.

She had been a hard worker all her life and her worst fear was that she would be a trouble to her children. Two years ago a cancer began its deadly work and she calmly laid down to rest Jan. 21, 1908, aged 67 years 1 month 26 days.

She was left a widow Dec. 21, 1895. She leaves to mourn their loss two sisters, Mrs. Mary Borders, of Milton, Ind., Mrs. Julia Ellis, of Terre Haute, and three brothers, Wm. T. and S. D. of Indianapolis, and B. F. of New Maysville, beside a host of friends and other relatives. She was laid to rest in Bainbridge cemetery, Monday, Feb. 3, 1908. In life loved by all in death mourned by all, funeral from the Catholic church, conducted by Rev. Father McGloughlin of Greencastle.

Whittier gives us this thought: Calm as a child to slumber soothed As if an angel's hand had smoothed

The still white feathers into rest, Silent and cold without a breath To stir the drapery on her breast She slept at last in death.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

SAVED BY HIS TEETH.

Quick Wit of a Missionary Among a Tribe of Cannibals.

Missionaries have much to contend with in dealing with the tribes on some of the islands of the southern Pacific, and I am reminded of an incident happening on a remote island of the Fiji group whose tribes were still influenced by the savagery of cannibalism. A German missionary had made excellent progress toward the enlightenment of a tribe of savages in the interior when he was taken ill and forced to abandon his work and seek recuperation in a village along the coast.

During his absence a native medicine man succeeded in undoing all that the good German father had accomplished. The latter was warned that under the circumstances it would be unsafe for him to return to the scene of his labors upon his recovery, but he decided that his duty called him there, and upon regaining his strength he journeyed inland to the village whose inhabitants had gone over to the teachings of the medicine man.

His reception was decidedly a warm one, and he was informed that unless he made a practical demonstration of the superiority of his teachings over those of the medicine man he would be converted in short order into food for the hungry tribesmen. He at once realized that his life hung upon a slender thread and endeavored to show to the savages by argument that their conclusions as to his edible qualities were entirely erroneous and that they should turn their thoughts to other kinds of food as well as to higher subjects.

His efforts were in vain, however, and just as he was about to be struck down by the uplifted clubs of the chief men in the tribe he happily bethought himself of the fact that his upper teeth were false. Opening his mouth, he hastily extracted his set, flourished it in the faces of his astounded opponents, and particularly the features of the medicine man, and replacing the teeth as suddenly as he had extracted them, rebuked his charges in a manner which can better be imagined than described. The tribe, believing that he had performed a miracle in taking out and replacing his own teeth, drove the medicine man from the village and restored the missionary to his former place as uplifter of their material and spiritual destinies.—Washington Star.

HE RODE FREE.

The Reason Camp Meeting John Allen Got a Maine Central Pass.

Camp Meeting John Allen was one of the most picturesque characters of his time in Maine. Apropos of railroad passes a very interesting story is told. It occurred when Governor Morrill was president of the Maine Central. Allen's applications were refused a number of times, because if there was one thing above all others which Morrill disliked it was to issue passes. The governor came down to his office in a somewhat brusque frame of mind that day. Those familiar with the storm signals quietly backed off and waited for an explosion. It came. One of the first letters opened was from Camp Meeting John Allen requesting a pass for "self and wife." The secretary approached his chief with some hesitation.

"There is another letter from Mr. Allen asking for a pass," he said and laid the missive gingerly on the governor's desk.

The governor read it through and blazed away for a few minutes; then, tossing the letter to the astonished secretary, he said, "Make it out."

The young man retired and began to fill in the various blank lines, but when he came on "what account" the pass was issued he was puzzled and ventured to seek information.

"On what account, governor?" he asked.

The chief looked bravely over his spectacles.

"Account, account? Account?" persistence. Be sure to put it in, too," and he growled as the young man passed out. "These Methodist parsons may have to get us all passes on the road to heaven, and I want Maine Central to have good connections with Camp Meeting John Allen's route."

New York Tribune.

The Only Digestible Kind.

A young man who is striving for political honors and who therefore feels called upon to do considerable public talking was recently waited upon by a delegation of men residing in one of the poorer regions of his district.

He was greatly pleased when their spokesman requested a speech from him at an early date.

"What kind of a speech?" he asked.

"An after dinner speech," replied a wag in a shabby coat.—Youth's Companion.

A Nice Friend.

"You're a nice friend to have! Why didn't you lend Boroughs the sovereign he wanted?"

"Why should I?"

"To save me. You must have realized that he knew if he didn't get it from you he would from me. You've practically robbed me of that amount."

London Telegraph.

Criminal.

The religious editor was struggling with the query, "Is it a sin to play poker?" After much prayerful consideration he wrote the following reply: "Yes; the way some people play it."

Philadelphia Press.

Work Ahead.

Farmer Bentover—I've just heard that the Wilder Digs has married her hired man. Farmer Hornbark—Then, by jolly, he'll have to climb down from the fence and go to work.—Pack.

A Genius Spoiled

[Original.]

My friend Charlie Curtis is a genius compared with whom the wizard of Menlo Park is a mere traveling umbrella mender. Charlie took all the honors in the scientific courses at college, then put in a year at electrical engineering. The reason why he studied it only a year was because before he had completed that brief period he knew more than all the professors combined. They admitted he was a genius, but feared it would prove to be uncontrolled genius.

Charlie had said to me that making electricity or storing it, which is the same thing, was a good deal like combining hydrogen and oxygen to produce water. "Why, there's more electricity than there is ocean," he said. "I'm going to devote myself to inventing a method of gathering it as one would fill a reservoir with water." So I was not surprised when he came to me one day and said he'd done the trick.

Charlie was evidence, that money doesn't always interfere with the scintillations of genius. He was the son of a multimillionaire. Why he considered a ship the best place in which to demonstrate his invention I didn't then know, but one day he wrote me that he had altered his yacht for the purpose and wished me to sail with him on a cruise, during which I would see some wonderful sights.

I boarded the Electra on the 2d of July. There was only a small portion of the yacht that could be utilized by the owner, guests and crew, the rest being taken up by huge receptacles for electricity. Charlie and I were the only two persons aboard except the crew, for Charlie said he didn't propose that his secret should get out. We had been classmates at college, so he knew me well and had no fear that I would rise to an understanding of his process. I knew enough, however, to find out that it was by a decomposition of both air and water.

Charlie had a girl, who was at her father's country seat on Narragansett bay. She was a beautiful creature and adored Charlie. She was very timid about his experiments, constantly in dread, after he had been blown up several times, that he would fall a victim to the cause of science. He proposed to sail from New York, make a trip out to the ocean and when his reservoirs were filled enter the bay and anchor before his fiancée's home. We would then go ashore and be entertained there.

The weather was fine, and we had a pleasant and successful trip, though it was a bit lonely for me, since Charlie was constantly watching and tinkering with his machinery. He told me that everything was working well. He filled his tanks, emptied them and repeated the process a dozen times. I asked him if they would surely hold the electricity for a sufficient time, and he said that he had coated them with a nonconductor that would render it impossible for any of the subtle fluid to escape. He was wrong about this, as you will see.

One morning we entered Narragansett bay and proceeded up to where Charlie's girl lived. The tanks had been filled the night before, and there was no evidence that any electricity was escaping. They espied us from the house, and as we dropped the anchor we saw a boat putting out for us. It contained a party, among whom was Charlie's girl. I was standing near Charlie when it pulled up to the gangway. Charlie took off his hat and lifted it high above his head. I noticed a look of surprise on the faces of those in the boat, and one little miss of fifteen giggled. Glancing at Charlie, I saw every hair on his head standing straight upward.

It occurred to me right off that the electricity was escaping. I didn't dare raise my hat for fear of presenting the same ridiculous appearance, so I smiled and threw kisses from the tips of my fingers. I also threw sparks. Just then the yacht's mascot, a cat, went by, every hair standing straight out and emitting particles of flame. Some of the party had come aboard; but, seeing the cat and fearing that the yacht would take fire, they tumbled back again into the boat.

Charlie looked puzzled. I asked him what he was going to do, and he said he'd like to be out at sea, where our condition wouldn't be likely to attract attention. Then he ordered the anchor raised. As soon as this was done he pulled a bell, and the yacht began to move.

By this time it was evident that something was radically wrong. Charlie ran below and, coming back very much excited, said that the coating to all the tanks was being eaten away and scaling off. His hair and beard—indeed his nose, his eyes, his finger tips—were streaming with electricity. Not only this, but electric flame was shooting out of the masts, the smokestack—indeed everything on the yacht. There was no harm in it, but it was evident that the people in the boat and those on shore thought the yacht was burning. We heard a fire bell ashore ring and a hook and ladder company rush down to the landing. We heard a shriek and saw Charlie's girl fall into the arms of one of the men in the boat.

Well, the electricity soon escaped into space, and the people ashore were surprised to see that the yacht was uninjured. We went ashore, and Charlie's girl told him that he could either give up science or give her up. He chose to keep her, showing that there is another cause besides wealth to interfere with the development of genius. Charlie is now married. He has some wonderful theories in his head, but when he speaks of putting them to practice his wife reminds him of the bond.

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Monarch
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Largest
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PHONE 68

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect Feb. 16, 1908.

NORTH—
No. 4 Chicago 1:23 A. M.
No. 10 Lafayette 9:32 A. M.

No. 6 Chicago 12:13 P. M.
No. 12 Lafayette 5:52 P. M.

SOUTH—
No. 3 Louisville 2:13 A. M.
No. 11 Bedford 8:03 A. M.

No. 5 Louisville 2:21 P. M.
No. 9 French Lick 5:21 P. M.

All trains run daily.
J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

BAINBRIDGE.

Henry Vinzant was called to Terre Haute Sunday on account of his son being sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Smith entertained a number of friends Thursday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carver and daughters, Bessie and Pearl, Dwight and Glenn Coon of Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frakes and Miss Mary Shea.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cowger started for Illinois Saturday.

Miss Freda Scott of Greencastle, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Nell Heber and attended the skating rink.

Misses Clellie Priest and Minnie Williams of Crawfordsville and Miss Bessie Carver spent Sunday with the Shea girls.

Mr. Burl Matthews, James Grogan and Clyde Grimes of Greencastle, spent Saturday night and Sunday at Mr. Matthews' and attended the skating rink.

Mr. Whitt who has been visiting Mr. Ray Miller returned to Indianapolis Sunday.

Miss Pearl Carver is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Milton Darnell of Greencastle.

Miss Margaret Crodian entertained a few of her friends at a taffy party at her uncle's Tuesday night.

Three couple from Greencastle attended the skating rink here Saturday night.

Misses Lottie and Ruth Harlan of Greencastle, spent Saturday night with Miss Florence Calloway and attended the skating rink.

Miss Grace Gaines returned to Indianapolis Sunday.

Mrs. Clyde Priest and daughter, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. John Balles of Greencastle.

Suffering & Dollars Saved.

E. S. Loper, of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklin's Arnica Salve. It is by far the best healing salve I ever found."

Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

WANT AD COLUMN

Lost—Lady's gold watch—Indiana fob attached—Name Anna Wright engraved on inside of case, initials A. W. on outside. Return to 306 east Seminary street. Suitable reward. 2t-286

For Rent—Pleasant rooms, one block and a half from College. New house on Water street, modern conveniences.

Houses for Rent—A four room house and a five room house—Telephone 574. 2t84 chg

Furnished Rooms for Rent—213 east Franklin street. 1t

BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.
An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.